

KINFOLK

(pilot)

Adaptation for Kentucky Based National Screenplay Competition

THE CHARACTERS

SARAH - Head Strong. Worried. Woodsman. Determined to find answers. Lives and works at home taking care of Rita. The only reliable glue of the family structure. Smarter than most would give her credit for. White teenage female.

JORDAN - Reckless. Leader. Drop out. Predator. Rejects all confrontation. Denies all fault in any situation. Lives in the same haller his family has always lived in. Counting on future networking opportunities in the state prison. Conflicted white male in his early 20s.

CHARLI - Distant. Isolated. Self-assured. Poetically accepts the raw dogging of life. Raised as a male but is genetically female. Lives with Sarah and Rita as an extra dependent. Fulfilling their own deathwish. Suicidal trans teen.

RITA - Unhealthy. Repulsive. Coward. Abusive. Watches TV ordering nic-nacs as a full time job. Lives off of government disability and foster parent checks. Hiding a secret. On the verge of losing her trailer.

DONNY - Landlord. Simple. Good Natured. Wants to get paid.

MOON DOG - Shady. Whimsical. Egotistical. Very domineering. Establishes himself in the lives of others. A freelance carpenter and live musician. Lives with his mom. Narcissistic white male in his mid 40s.

GRAHAM - Naive. Cathartic. Genuine. Still learning about life. Has recently gone through some sort of traumatic experience. Live musician and opportunistic middleman. Sensitive white male in his mid 20s.

ALEX - Wholesome. Chaotic. Devil's Advocate. Disdain for corporate greed. Does not know how to say no to others. Occasionally has psychotic verbal outbreaks without causing harm to others. Works at a Starbucks. Wants to compose film scores. Curious black male in his early 30s.

JORDAN'S FRIENDS - No distinct qualities. Extras. Technically accomplices, but don't remember what happened.

911 OPERATOR (JEAN) - No distinct qualities. Voice Over. Extra.

SYNOPSIS

The story opens with a surreal scene where a cosmic portal in the backyard of Graham's house is briefly opened and interacts with the Sasquatch hunting Music Trio, The Holy Ghost Builders, signaling the beginning of bizarre events. Meanwhile, Sarah is desperately searching for Charli, her brother, who may or may not be dead. Sarah's troubled family situation is compounded by her mother's neglect and eventual death from an accident, which only deepens Sarah's resolve to find Charli.

As Sarah teams up with Jordan, the tension between them escalates. Jordan, who seems uninterested in her search, eventually agrees to help but has his own secrets to protect. They venture into the woods, where Sarah begins to suspect something more sinister is happening. Meanwhile, Charli is navigating the woods himself, trying to evade dangerous encounters. The narrative intertwines personal, emotional stakes with eerie supernatural elements, like ley lines, strange encounters, and an unresolved mystery about Charli's disappearance.

The story delves into themes of familial bonds, personal conflict, identity and autonomy while also introducing a mysterious, potentially supernatural force that ties the characters' fates together.

SCENES

EXT. GRAHAM'S BACKYARD

INT. MOON DOG'S TRUCK

INT. POP UP TENT IN BACKYARD

INT. U-HAUL RENTAL DESK

EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD

INT. JORDAN'S CAR

INT. RITA'S TRAILER

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE

INT. POLICE DISPATCH

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION
EXT. DRY RUN RIDGE (Mammoth Caves/Red River Gorge)
EXT. TRAILER PARK

EXT. GRAHAM'S BACKYARD - LATE EVENING

A CRISP AUTUMN EVENING IN THE GHETTO OF
LEXINGTON, KY. GRAHAM AND ALEX ARE HOLDING ON TO A
FENCE AS A LEY LINE PORTAL PULLS YARD ACCESSORIES
INTO THE VOID. MOON DOG PACES THINKING TO HIMSELF,
THEN APPROACHES THE OTHERS.

MOON DOG (yells):

Things really got out of hand, huh?

ALEX (yells):

What?

MOON DOG REACHES OUT TOWARDS ALEX, HOLDS HIS HAT
AND DIGS HIS HEELS INTO THE SOFT GROUND.

GRAHAM (yells):

He said he's got gout in that hand!

ALEX (yells):

Gross! No way! Is it contagious?

MOON DOG:

No! It's a disease fit for kings! But that's not what I said!

A FEW OLD PALLETS WHIZ BY AND CLOG UP THE LEY LINE
PORTAL MOMENTARILY. AS THE WIND DIES DOWN..

ALEX (yells):

What did you say?

EVERYONE FALLS TO THE GROUND, BLOCKS THEIR FACES
FROM DEBRIS.

MOON DOG:

Geez, you don't have to yell ya know? I was trying to say this has all gotten
out of hand, don't ya think?

GRAHAM AND ALEX:

Ohhh. Ya..

ALEX:

For Sure. yes

GRAHAM:

I don't know I mean, it could stand to be a little crazier maybe.. Do you
know how to close cosmic fissures up? Those pallets won't hold forever...
and I'd hate to disturb the neighbors..

GUNSHOTS GO OFF IN THE BACKGROUND AND WE HEAR
FAINT SCREAMING. POLICE SIRENS WAIL. AND MORE
GUNSHOTS ARE FOLLOWED BY PEOPLE YELLING OUT OF
THEIR WINDOWS AT THE PIGS.

MOON DOG: Right... that would be down right unneighborly! Now, I'm
pretty sure you have to ask the portal a question that it would benefit from
by answering.. It's easy if ya don't think about it too hard.

ALEX AND GRAHAM LOOK AT EACH OTHER THEN AT THE
GROUND THEN AT THE PALLETS.

GRAHAM:

Seriously? What does that even -

ALEX (towards the portal):

Can you prove to us that you are an energetic concentration capable of
closing itself, for once? Please?

THE PORTAL DISSIPATES INTO A VOID WITHIN A GIANT
TREE STUCK BETWEEN TWO PROPERTY LINE FENCES.
YARD ACCESSORIES FALL FROM THE SKY.

MOON DOG:

Alex! What a great question! I knew you could do it!

ALEX:

Thanks! I just wanted it to go away so badly..

MOON DOG:

I miss it already.. shucks.

GRAHAM:

Why again do we need to summon a sasquatch? and why does it have to be in my backyard?

MOON DOG:

Why anything? Have you ever thought about that? Maybe you need to take one second to appreciate the fact that you're still here! Livin' on the two feet the Good Lord All Mighty gave ya! What's more important to ask is how.. as in, How am I going to keep drinking if there is no more rum? Can you tell me this?

GRAHAM:

(sighs) you can't..

MOON DOG:

Exactly! So before we try again, first things first, we need more rum.

INT. MOON DOG'S TRUCK - SHORTLY AFTER

MOON DOG DRIVES THROUGH THE PICKUP WINDOW OF A SMALL LIQUOR STORE. ASKS THE CLERK WHAT SPECIALS THEY HAVE TODAY AS IF ORDERING SOUP DIJOR.

MOON DOG:

Well, I better stick to my prescription. Plus the boy here won't drink anything else...

MOON DOG ROLLS EYES OVER TO GRAHAM THEN HITS HIS CHEST MOTIONING FOR HIM TO PAY FOR THE RUM.

MOON DOG:

C'mon, don't make the lady wait! you're holding up the line! (then to cashier) Forgive us, please.

GRAHAM GIVES MOON DOG A \$20, MOON DOG PAYS, RECEIVES CHANGE AND PUTS IT IN HIS OWN POCKET. HE PULLS DOWN THE ALLEY, PARKS, THEN CRACKS THE RUM AND POURS TWO SHOTS.

MOON DOG:

Two for Tuesdays is Constitutional, down the hatch!

THEY BOTH TAKE THE SHOT AND BREATHE OUT HARD

GRAHAM:

God, I hate that stuff.. It's not even made by pirates ya know?

MOON DOG:

I see I see.. Say, Have you ever rented a U-Haul?

GRAHAM:

You know I have. Remember when I had to move? and you stole the U Haul from me? Then parked it at the HorsePark Camp grounds for a week trying to impress that single mom from Oregon?

MOON DOG LOOKS PERTURBED. RACKS HIS BRAIN FOR THE MEMORY.

MOON DOG:

Uhh, come again?

GRAHAM LOSES PATIENCE AS MD MIXES A COCKTAIL.
GRAHAM GETS OUT AND WALKS OVER TO THE DRIVER SEAT
AS MD SCOOTs UP OVER THE MIDDLE CONSOLE INTO THE
PASSENGER SEAT. SPILLS SOME OF HIS DRINK.

GRAHAM:

Seriously? You have no recollection of serving drinks out of the back of that
U Haul?

GRAHAM STARTS THE TRUCK UP AND DRIVES BACK TO THE
HOUSE. ALEX WAITS IN THE BACKYARD, FILMS
AFTERMATH OF LEY LINE PORTAL FOR HIS YOUTUBE
CHANNEL.

ALEX:

Be sure to Like and Subscribe if you like this content! It all helps keep the
hunt for Sasquatch alive!

GRAHAM AND MD MAKE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE TRUCK.
GRAHAM IS CAREFUL NOT TO STEP INTO ALEX'S SHOT,
PUTS HIS ARM OUT TO STOP MD WHICH SPILLS HIS
OBNOXIOUSLY LARGE TIKI DRINK.

MOON DOG:

Hey! watch the tiny umbrella! What did it ever do to you?

ALEX:

Y'all are good. I was just letting our fans know what happened. Can you
believe I caught all that on livestream?

GRAHAM:

I'm pretty sure the livestream is what ripped the portal open in the first place...

MOON DOG:

I'm pretty sure it was me but okay.. whatever.

ALEX AND GRAHAM ASSEMBLE THE POP UP TENT AND GATHER SOME PATIO FURNITURE TO SIT ON. THEY BOTH DROP THEIR SHOULDERS AS THEY SIT DOWN AND EXHALE. MOON DOG ENTERS THE POP UP WITH A WHITE BOARD AND A MARKER.

INT. POP UP TENT IN BACKYARD

MOON DOG:

Now that we have rum, I can answer your question from earlier.. what is it again? Why.. why something?

GRAHAM:

Why do we need to summon a sasquatch in my backyard?

MOON DOG:

Ah yes, a perfectly fine question. I'm afraid the answer, however, lies within a story..

ALEX and GRAHAM:

Here we go...

MOON DOG:

yes, it's an old story.. you may have heard it before... It was a dark and stormy night -

GRAHAM:

and you had four of them.

MOON DOG:

I am partial to a delicious dark and stormy, but alas during the time this story takes place I had quit drinking..

ALEX:

Because you ran out of rum?

MOON DOG:

well, yes, but also I was trying to find my perfect dose of ketamine and.. wait what was I talking about? Ah yes!

GRAHAM AND ALEX BECOME VISUALLY FRUSTRATED.
GRAHAM LAYS ON THE GROUND FACE DOWN AND ALEX
STEPS OUTSIDE THE POP UP.

MOON DOG:

I remember now! Have I ever told you about the time I was running butt naked through a corn field with a coyote after a Stevie Nicks concert in Iowa and ..

GRAHAM AND ALEX:

YES!

MOON DOG:

Well then you should both know exactly why we have to summon this Sasquatch. Do you not like my stories? I don't understand..

GRAHAM:

Please, refresh us, wouldn't you? What happened in that field in Iowa? You have so many great anecdotes that I sometimes forget which is which..

MOON DOG PERKS UP, TAKES A DRINK

MOON DOG:

Awh, that's alright! Me too! So anyway, there I was butt naked at the edge of a corn field in Iowa, high as hell on ketamine, when suddenly one of those portals swallowed me up and spit me out in Mammoth Cave National Park - a hot bed for other worldly beings like the sasquatch, holler goblins, and fairies. Through telekinetic forces, I communicated with a sasquatch.

ALEX AND GRAHAM RETURN TO THEIR SEATS. THEY LISTEN FOR THE POINT.

I had almost convinced him to give up his duties as guard of the realm, when suddenly his wife came home and he kicked me out of their dimension. So as I exited the cave, I entered into this reality. Ever since then, I've been attempting to contact a sasquatch in hopes that he could get me back to my reality. My really awesome reality where I have more ketamine..

GRAHAM:

You're risking our lives for ketamine? Seriously?

MOON DOG:

Hey, I always take my monkey business seriously.. Don't you?

ALEX CHUCKLES. GRAHAM HANGS HEAD IN DEFEAT.

GRAHAM:

Maybe I should start taking my monkey business seriously.. who knows.

MOON DOG:

I know! It would be good for ya! Now, where did we land with that U-Haul rental?

INT. U HUAL RENTAL DESK - NEXT DAY

GRAHAM:

No kidding, so anyone can have mail delivered to a U Haul Truck Rental location? No questions asked?

THE CASHIER GIVES GRAHAM A DISAPPOINTED LOOK AND NODS. HANDS HIM THE KEYS AND PAPERWORK.

GRAHAM:

The more ya know! I'll have it back in one piece! Thanks again!

GRAHAM EXITS THE OFFICE AND BEGINS TO SEARCH FOR HIS RENTAL TRUCK. AROUND THE CORNER, MOON DOG IS ALREADY SITTING ON THE BUMPER.

MOON DOG:

Can I drive?

CUT TO U-HAUL TRUCK PASSING BY JORDAN'S SEDAN ON DRY RUN RIDGE, CAMERA FOLLOWS SEDAN

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A BEAT-UP SEDAN SPEEDS DOWN THE WINDING ROAD. THE HEADLIGHTS CARVE THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THEY REFLECT OFF THE DAMP PAVEMENT. INSIDE, CIGARETTE SMOKE SWIRLS, CAUGHT IN THE NEON GLOW OF THE DASHBOARD.

CHARLI:(V.O.)

There's a certain aesthetic about riding in a car
with nowhere to go. A romantic gesture toward
wasted downtime in the boredom of our salad days.
A tip of the hat to moments that last forever, yet
remain ineffable.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN GRIPS THE WHEEL WITH ONE HAND, A BOTTLE OF WILD TURKEY IN THE OTHER. THE CAR HUMS AT 80 MPH, CHASES THE FLICKER OF CIGARETTE TRACES HELD BY VISIONS IN THE REARVIEW. THREE PASSENGERS SWAY.

JORDAN:

Hold on, boys! I'm whippin' her in quick!

HE TAKES A DEEP SWIG, SHIFT GEARS, AND YANKS THE TOP OF THE WHEEL DOWN TO HIS CROTCH. THE TIRES SKIP FROM PAVEMENT TO GRAVEL, KICKING UP DUST AS THE CAR FISHTAILS. THE PASSENGERS PALM THE CEILING - GRAVITY BRINGS THEIR HANDS BACK TO THEIR LAPS.

CHARLI: (V.O.)

My stomach flips into my mouth and starts sweating.

The mushrooms make it hard to distinguish voices
from the music from the hum of rubber on pavement.
It all sounds like colors smell. Why do the mushrooms always want
to drive?

CHARLI:
Pull over.

HIS VOICE IS LOST IN THE IGNORANT LAUGHTER.

CHARLI:
(louder) Pull over.

CHARLI TUGS ON JORDAN'S ARM. JORDAN STAYS
FOCUSED ON THE ROAD AND HANDS OVER THE WILD
TURKEY. DESPERATE, CHARLI UNBUCKLES, THROWS
THE DOOR OPEN, AND ROLLS OUT INTO MUD AND
GRAVEL.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

THE CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT AS CHARLI VOMITS ON
THE SIDE OF THE NARROW COUNTRY ROAD. BLOOD DRIPS
FROM HIS NOSE INTO HIS MOUTH. HE GASPS FOR AIR AND
CHOKES. BEGINS TO LAUGH FROM RELIEF.

THE TAIL-LIGHTS GLOW IN TOTAL DARKNESS. THEN
THEY APPEAR TO GET CLOSER, TOO CLOSE.

CHARLI JUMPS BACK, TUMBLES DOWN THE
KUDZU-COVERED RIDGE. HE SLAMS HIS HEAD INTO A ROCK.

BLACKNESS.

FADE TO

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

THE DIM, FLICKERING TV CASTS SHADOWS.
RITA SITS IN THE CORNER OF AN L-COUCH,
WEDGED BEHIND A CLUTTERED TABLE WITH
SARAH.

SARAH:
He's been gone three days, RITA. How can you not be worried?

RITA:
He ain't never bother to call. I ain't gon' worry.
I like it better when's gone anyway.

SARAH:
What if he can't call? You know them boys are reckless.

RITA:
Better to be reckless and get dead than to be reckless
and get kids.

RITA LAUGHS, CHOKES ON HER OWN SPIT AND FROZEN
DINNER. IT'S LOUDER THAN THE TV. LOUDER THAN
SARAH'S THOUGHTS.

SARAH:
At least if he's dead, he ain't gotta hear any more shit
come outta your bitchy mouth. Sign me up too.

SARAH TURNS TO LEAVE. HER EYES LAND ON THE GLASS
FIGURINE COLLECTION. IT'S PRISTINE. SARAH YANKS THE
CASE FROM THE TOP. IT CRASHES DOWN.

GLASS EXPLODES. DOLPHIN TAILS AND HORSE LEGS
SHATTER.

RITA RUSHES IN, HORRIFIED. SARAH STEPS INTO THE
BROKEN SHARDS, WATCHES HER MOTHER'S FACE BECOME
CONTORTED IN AGONY.

RITA:
What have YOU done?!

RITA LUNGES. SARAH STEPS BACK. RITA TRIPS ON THE
FALLEN CASE, CRASHES INTO THE PILE OF BROKEN GLASS
FACE-FIRST. BLOOD POOLS AROUND THE SHARDS. HER
MOANS ARE GUTTURAL.

SARAH LAUGHS UNTIL HER STOMACH ACHES. SHE
STEPS OVER HER MOTHER'S BLOOD SOAKED TORSO.

SARAH:
Maybe you shouldn'ta been so reckless, Mamma.

SHE WALKS OUTSIDE INTO THE CRISP NIGHT AIR.

FADE TO

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INSIDE, JORDAN AND HIS FRIENDS TRY TO SMOKE
SOMETHING OUT OF ALUMINUM FOIL. JORDAN CLEANS UP,
EXPECTING SOME KIND OF COMPANY.

JORDAN:
We ain't goin' back. That crazy sommabitch got himself killed.
If anyone asks, we ain't seen each other. Got it?

FRIEND:
JORDAN! Some girl is walkin' up yer driveway!

SHE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

JORDAN PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW. SARAH.

JORDAN:
Fuck..

HE OPENS THE DOOR JUST AS SHE KNOCKS AGAIN.

SARAH:
Where's my brother?

JORDAN:
I don't fuckin' know. How'd you find where I live?

SARAH:
Mamma drove you home once, remember? I snuck in the back seat.
When's the last time you saw Charli?

JORDAN:
Last week maybe? Ain't been around much. Maybe he found a girl.

SARAH STARES AT HIM. HE SHIFTS UNCOMFORTABLY.

SARAH:
I Can't go home without 'em.

JORDAN:
Why?

SARAH:
Mamma's layin' in the floor dead. Fell on her glass animal
collection.
She's always been pretty reckless.

JORDAN BECOMES VISIBLY PALE.

JORDAN:

She's... dead?

SARAH:

Prolly by now. She was bleedin' bad.

JORDAN DRY SWALLOWS.

JORDAN:

Alright. I'll help ya look for him. But if we don't find him, you go home. They sayin on the news that there's something in these woods that just showed up.

SARAH:

Deal. Where was the last place you saw him?

JORDAN:

Uh... football field. Had to meet someone there.

SARAH:

Who?

JORDAN:

Don't know. You ask too many questions.

SARAH PUSHES PAST HIM INTO THE HOUSE.

SARAH:

Do ya'll know who Charli met at the football field a week ago?

FRIEND:

Prolly his dealer. Meets him there all the time.

ANOTHER FRIEND:

Yeah, always getting' somethin'. Weed, pills, crank, you name it.

JORDAN CLENCHES JAW.

JORDAN:
(muttering) Fuckin' idiots.

JORDAN:
Alright, we got a place to start. Let's go.

THEY EXIT THE HOUSE AND GET INTO JORDAN'S OLD
SEDAN. SARAH NOTICES A JACKET ON THE FLOORBOARD.

SARAH:
This is his jacket, JORDAN. What the fuck?

JORDAN:
He leaves shit in here all the time! What do you mean?

SARAH REMAINS QUIET.

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE DISPATCH - MID MORNING

A DUSTY OFFICE. A RINGING PHONE.

911 OPERATOR:
911, what's your emergency?

DONNY:
Mornin', Jean. This is Donny Holt—

911 OPERATOR:
Well, hey Donny! Those boys sure played a heck of a game Friday—

DONNY:
Listen, Jean. I done come up to tha trailer park to get rent from
Rita,
and, well... ya'll just need to git up here quick. It's bad, Jean.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - MID MORNING

A SINGLE LIGHT BUZZES OVERHEAD. SARAH LEANS AGAINST THE HOOD OF THE CAR, ARMS CROSSED, HER FACE SET IN GRIM DETERMINATION. JORDAN PACES NEARBY.

SARAH:

We ain't leavin' till I get answers.

JORDAN:

And what if there ain't none to get? He's gone, Sarah.

SARAH:

Why you gotta talk like he's dead? You better hope to God or Satan or whatever the hell it is you care about that he ain't dead.

JORDAN EXHALES, RUBS HIS FACE. LOOKS AT SARAH WITH DEFEAT.

JORDAN:

This is crazy. Yer bein' crazy.

SARAH:

Yeah? So was leavin' him out there.

JORDAN falls silent.

SARAH:

I need you to take me back to Dry Run Ridge.

JORDAN:

No way in hell.

SARAH:
Then I'll walk.

She pushes off the car, turns on her heel. JORDAN groans, flicks his cigarette.

JORDAN:
Fine. But if we don't find anything, you drop this. Got it?

SARAH:
What happens when we do find him? It's gon' be a little harder to drop all of this when we do find him.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The road curves through the thick woods. The headlights cast long shadows. Sarah stares out the window, the weight of the night pressing down on her.

SARAH:
They said Charli was meeting his dealer. Who?

JORDAN:
I don't know. Just some guy.

SARAH:
Is that his first name? Some? Last name Guy? Just like you think my name is Fuckin' Idiot. What are you hiding? Why?

JORDAN grips the wheel tighter.

JORDAN:
Look, even if we find something, what are you gonna do? Call the cops?

SARAH:

You are so selfish... Have you always been like this? Gross. I just want to find my brother, you guilty-as-hell lookin' dead beat drop out.

JORDAN glances at her. Her jaw is set. She means it.

EXT. DRY RUN RIDGE - NIGHT

They park near the ridge. The wind whispers through the trees. Sarah steps out first, scanning the darkness.

JORDAN:
(muttering) I hate this place.

SARAH:
Then go.

JORDAN shakes his head but follows. Sarah moves with purpose, stepping carefully over the brush.

SARAH:
He came this way.

JORDAN:
How the hell do you know?

Sarah crouches, points at a broken branch, a scuffed patch of dirt.

SARAH:
Someone ran through here. Hard.

JORDAN swallows, his breath quickening.

JORDAN:
Let's just hurry. They been reports about something in these woods,
I'm tellin' ya..

They push forward. A few yards down, Sarah stops. Something glints in the moonlight. She kneels, brushes dirt away.

A BLOODIED BRACELET.

Sarah grips it, her hands shaking.

SARAH:
This is his.

A rustling sound. JORDAN turns, face pale.

JORDAN:
We gotta go.

SARAH:
Is yer inner voice as much of a coward as yer speakin' voice? I just don't get it..

She looks deeper into the woods. There's something out there. And she's not leaving until she finds it.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MID MORNING

The wind howls through the skeletal remains of rusted-out trailers. DONNY HOLT, a grizzled landlord in a worn-out flannel, stands at the bottom of RITA's rickety porch, knocking hard on the front door.

DONNY:
Rita! Open up! You're two months behind, and I ain't playin' no more.

Silence. Donny adjusts his belt, eyes narrowing. He bangs again.

DONNY:

Rita, I swear to God—

The door creaks open an inch. A sliver of RITA's gaunt face appears in the dim porch light. Her eyes are hollow, unfocused.

RITA:

Donny... not now.

DONNY:

You always got some excuse. Rent's due. Ain't my problem if you—

He pushes the door open wider and freezes. RITA is swaying, blood seeping from her forehead, glass shards still embedded in her skin. Her breathing is labored.

DONNY:

Jesus Christ. What the hell happened to you?

RITA:

(whispering) Ain't none of your business.

DONNY:

Like hell it ain't! You're bleeding all over my goddamn property! Livin' in a heap of yer own trash! Christ, this place smells like a garbage truck in July!

RITA stumbles backward, and Donny follows her inside. The place is a wreck—shattered glass animals litter the floor, and the TV flickers static.

DONNY:

Where's your girl? Ain't she usually around, keepin' you from killin' yourself?

RITA stares blankly. Her hands tremble as she tries to wipe the blood off her cheek.

RITA:
She left.

DONNY:
What do you mean 'left'?

RITA:
(softly) I think she's lookin' for him.

DONNY:
Who? Charli?

RITA looks at him now, her face unreadable.

RITA:
No, the gingerbread man.. Yes Charli.

DONNY:
Look, I'm just here to get the money. If you ain't got it right now,
then I'm gonna have to call the Sheriff. I done gave ya two months warning
and a 30 day pink slip. For the last time, do you have the rent or not?

Before she can answer, the wind outside kicks up. A distant car door slams.
RITA's breath catches in her throat.

DONNY:
You gotta go. I don't know where. But I can't have you around here
treating my late mother's trailer like a pig pen.

Donny looks at her, then at the wreckage. His gut tells him something's
wrong. Real wrong.

DONNY:
I'll be back in the mornin'. You better be gone, Rita.

He steps outside, closing the door behind him. RITA leans against the wall,
sliding down to the floor, hands shaking.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A canopy of twisted branches sways in the moonlight. The distant hum of
cicadas is the only sound, broken only by the crunch of careful footsteps
against damp earth.

Charli moves through the darkness with an ease that suggests he's done this a
thousand times before. His clothes are torn, dirt smudged across his face, but
his eyes are sharp. He inhales deeply, feeling the wind shift against his skin,
recalibrating.

Charli:

(muttering to himself)

North by the smell of the river. East by the break in the trees.

He tilts his head, listening. The wind carries the distant sound of
voices—Sarah's voice. He exhales, relieved but wary. His fingers brush
against the rough bark of an oak tree, feeling the damp moss clinging to one
side.

Charli:

(softly, to the tree)

Thanks.

He pushes forward, crouching as he reaches a slope. Below, headlights sweep
through the trees, tires crunching gravel—JORDAN's car. Charli flinches
instinctively, pressing himself low against the earth. He doesn't trust
JORDAN. He never did.

Charli:

(whispering)
Gotta move quiet. Quieter than them.

He places his hands on the ground, feeling the subtle vibrations of movement. A lifetime of running, hiding, surviving—it all comes naturally. He moves like a shadow, weaving through the underbrush, every step deliberate, avoiding dead leaves and twigs.

EXT. DRY RUN RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Charli emerges from the woods, crouching behind an abandoned truck, its rusted frame blending into the night. He watches as Sarah steps out of JORDAN's car, her face tight with frustration. She doesn't trust JORDAN either.

SARAH:
(sharp, demanding)
Where's the last place you saw him, JORDAN?

Charli smirks to himself. She's looking for him. She always was the smartest of them all.

He lets out a slow breath and reaches down, grabbing a small stone from the dirt. With a flick of his wrist, he sends it skipping across the gravel road. The sound is just enough.

Sarah's head snaps in his direction. Their eyes meet.

SARAH:
(breathless)
Charli?

CUT TO

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - MID DAY

GRAHAM SITS LIFELESS IN THE DRIVER SEAT.
EXHAUSTED. MOON DOG OPENS DRIVER SIDE DOOR
ABRUPTLY.

MOON DOG:

I've been looking everywhere for you! What in the world are you
doing in here? There's no time for naps!

GRAHAM:

Where are we? We drove all night. I suppose I'm waiting for your
next order, Cap'n.

MOON DOG:

Captain, eh? I think I like that.. Almost as much as I'd like a night
cap.

GRAHAM:

Where are we? Please, just tell me where we are.

MOON DOG:

Ah yes, we've traversed all the way to my home away from home
away from home.. Moorehead. I had planned on stopping off in Mt. Sterling
for the Court Days Festival but we missed it by about oh - 2 weeks.

GRAHAM LOOKS AROUND THE TRUCK, NOTICES
THAT THERE IS NO ROAD. THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY A
WOODED AREA.

GRAHAM:

And what exactly are we gonna do with this U Haul in the middle of
nowhere?

MOON DOG:

I'm glad you asked! When you're ready, come around back and I'll
show you!

MOON DOG SLAMS THE DOOR. GRAHAM RUFFLES THROUGH HIS JACKET TO FIND A CIGARETTE AND JOINS MOON DOG AT THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. ALEX IS THERE - BRIGHT EYED - USING THE GPS ON HIS PHONE. MOON DOG OPENS THE BACK OF THE U-HAUL AND JUMPS IN.

MOON DOG:

As I'm sure you've noticed, we've gone off the road a little bit. We're fine here, an old buddy of mine owns this property.

MOON DOG BEGINS TO UNLOAD TARPS, LUMBER, AND SOME POWER TOOLS.

ALEX:

He owns about 20 acres in every direction actually. Didn't he say there was a natural spring out here too?

MOON DOG:

No need to get hung up on the details, what's important is that you add a pin to this location so we don't lose the truck.

GRAHAM:

What do you mean lose the truck?

MOON DOG:

Well, if we park it along this tree line, cover it with these tarps, and build a false wall around the exposed side, and leave it for I'd say a week or two, the rental company will probably forget about it and walla! We got ourselves a Sasquatch snatching mobile!

GRAHAM:

You know they put GPS trackers in these trucks now, right? Don't get me wrong, I would love to go back to Lexington empty handed and try to convince them I've already returned it, or that it was stolen. But I don't think they're gonna find it as amusing as us.

ALEX:

They might. You never know. The owner of that U-haul rental may even get to write it off on his taxes. I know I'd love a fat insurance settlement like that.

GRAHAM:

It's all a matter of perspective I guess.. I just.. I need to take a minute. If this is really happening.. I need a minute.

GRAHAM WALKS OUT INTO THE OPEN FIELD ALONE AND SITS AT THE BOTTOM OF A SMALL MEADOW. MOON DOG AND ALEX BEGIN TO CAMOUFLAGE THE U-HAUL.

GRAHAM NOTICES A FEW HOUSES OUT PAST THE PROPERTY LINE. ONE OF WHICH HE RECOGNIZES VAGUELY. HE APPROACHES THE U-HAUL, WALKS BACKWARDS WITH EYE ON THE DISTANT HOUSES.

GRAHAM:

You said we're in Moorehead right?

MOON DOG:

Well, it's not Less tail, that's for sure!

ALEX AND MOON DOG CHUCKLE TO THEMSELVES.

GRAHAM:

I've been here before. When I was little.. I think I even lived here for a while. Right there in that house.

GRAHAM POINTS TO THE MOST DISTANT HOUSE.

MOON DOG:

Oh it must be a coincidence. See our minds try to make sense of all -

GRAHAM:

No, it's not coincidence. I can prove it. I lived in the farthest house over there. See it?

MOON DOG AND ALEX:

Uh huh..

GRAHAM:

I would ride my bike up and down that street. At the top of the street, the drive way leading to the closest house begins. There's a sign in front of that driveway on a small chain that says 'NO TRESPASSING'.

MOON DOG STOPS MOVING THINGS AROUND AND
BEGINS TO LISTEN INTENTLY.

GRAHAM:

I wasn't allowed to go past his property line, but some times I would anyway. Until one day, the old man that lived there caught me on my bike. I rode away down the street and then back to my house. As I sat on my bike outside, I watched him just so slowly and surely walk up to our porch..

MOON DOG:

Is this like a monologue you practiced or something? Is this what you were doing earlier in the front of the truck?

GRAHAM:

He walked right up to our porch, grabbed my bike by the handle bars and started yelling 'DO YOU KNOW WHAT NO TRESPASSING MEANS, YOU FUCKIN' IDGIT? DO YA??"

MOON DOG AND ALEX LOOK AT EACH OTHER
STARTLED, NOT AMUSED.

GRAHAM:

Then, with no adults around, he removed his thick sunglasses right in my face.. To my surprise he didn't have either one of his eyes. Both his sockets were just hallowed out voids. Then he started rubbing my face with his sweaty calloused hands and yelling "No one would care if I did what I want to you! No one wants you here!"

MOON DOG AND ALEX REMAIN SPEECHLESS. ALEX
COVERS THEIR MOUTH, TEARS UP.

ALEX:
Oh my fucking God, what?

GRAHAM:
I was in so much shock that I couldn't move. I started screaming,
crying, and I pissed all over myself. Then as I dismounted the bike, my foot
got caught in the chain and I twisted my ankle. So I was kind of crawling on
the ground screaming and he started sniffing the air like a truffle hunting
pig.

ALEX:
No fucking way.. This is like a scene from Gummo. How old were
you? Where were the adults?

MOON DOG SHIFTS HIS GAZE TO THE GROUND IN
DISBELIEF.

MOON DOG:
They were next door, weren't they?

GRAHAM:
I was maybe.. Four years old? And correct, Cap'n. All the adults
were right next door, helping one another shoot up.

ALEX:
This isn't real...

GRAHAM EMPTIES HIS WALLET OUT AND COUNTS
THE MONEY.

GRAHAM:
I have 22..23..24..25 bucks. I'd bet if we drive over there, we'll see
the same No Trespassing sign at the entrance of the same gravel driveway.
And the mailbox of the farthest house, where I used to live, is baby blue with

two separate slots for in and out mail. Not only that, but the backyard will have unused chicken coops, a four wheeler, and a lovely wooded area that careens into a southern facing slope with a light stream cutting through the foothill. It's usually a crik if you can jump over it ya know? It's a creek if ya can't.

ALL SIT IN SILENCE, HESITANT, IDLE.

GRAHAM:

No takers? Are ya sure?

MOON DOG:

No, no... we don't have to go over there. I know you're telling the truth. I.. I .. don't know what to say.. I know it's not my fault.. I just.. I want to say I'm sorry or something.. I don't know. I mean.. I didn't know... that was almost 20 years ago. I was just a kid myself, ya know?

GRAHAM:

No, I don't know because my childhood was filled with a lot more situations like the one I just described.. Some much worse even. So, no. I don't know what it must have been like to consider yourself a child at the age 26. I'm sure it's been nice though.

ALEX:

Maybe..we could..return the U Haul.. put a pause on Sasquatch hunting for now? What do you say?

GRAHAM:

Honestly, I want to walk up to the eyeless bastards front door.. Hog tie him.. Throw him in the back of the truck, and then go park it in scrapyard and forget about it.. He would make great female Sasquatch bait.
Don't ya think?

MOON DOG LOOKS UP IN A MOMENT JOYOUS
CELEBRATION AND MEETS EYES WITH GRAHAM. THERE'S A
SMALL SILENCE THEN -

MOON DOG:

You really do listen! Wow! This is incredible!

GRAHAM:

If we all listen right now, very faintly we can hear the bells hitting the head of a pin as any angels dancing on it lose their wings..

ALEX:

Uhh, well..

GRAHAM:

That day, that house right over there.. That was the last time I saw my mom before she overdosed. You know that right? You knew her didn't you? At least a little bit? Some coincidence.

MOON DOG:

What do ya want me to say.. Yeah. We're both Sagitarius ya know?
We were -

GRAHAM:

Please, save me the astrology lesson for once. Please, just be honest with me.. I don't care if it's hard and I promise there will be no hard feelings afterwards just be a little fucking honest with me for once.

(directly at Moon Dog)

At what point did you realize I was her son? Why was it so important to you that we played music together?

MOON DOG:

Listen, bubba, I'm telling the truth when I say I had no idea that you are the same little boy I met all those years ago right over there. You have my word. and as for the music, you're a great bass player. No one can lay it down like you. Everything is just..ironic.. Maybe? I would say serendipitous..
But I'm not sure that's right..

GRAHAM REMAINS SILENT, STARING OUT OVER THE
OPEN FIELD.

ALEX:

Hey guys, I don't know if this is a good time to mention it, but I've been live streaming this whole time and a few of our subscribers just donated a fat wad to our cause... also we might need to pick a different spot to stash the U Haul.. especially if this spot is gonna be so damn triggering, ya feel?

GRAHAM AND MOON DOG BREAK INTO LAUGHTER AND CASUALLY EMBRACE ONE ANOTHER AS IF THEY ARE BOTH LOOKING INTO THE PAST THROUGH THE SAME LENS OF LOSS, CONFUSION, AND OPEN ENDED DEAD ENDS.

MOON DOG:

Ya know, I think a good spot to stash the U Haul would be back where we got it from, don't you, Graham?

GRAHAM:

I would really prefer it to go back.. I mean.. Let's still keep for another week or two just to see what happens. You never know, they might forget about it, right?

MOON DOG IS DRIVING THE U HAUL WHILE GRAHAM LAYS IN THE BACK IN COMPLETE DARKNESS. ALEX SNEAKS OFF IN HIS OWN CAR TO CHECK OUT THE HOUSES THAT TRIGGERED GRAHAM. HE FINDS ALL THE DETAILED ITEMS GRAHAM LISTED BEFORE, STUNNED IN DISBELIEF.

AS THE SUN GOES DOWN, THE U HAUL GETS A FLAT ON DRY RUN RIDGE ABOUT A MILE FROM SARAH AND JORDAN WHO ARE LOOKING FOR CHARLI. AS MOON DOG GETS OUT TO ACCESS THE SITUATION, HE CHECKS ALL THE TIRES AND LOOKS UP TO ACCIDENTALLY LOCK EYES WITH HIS MANIFESTED SASQUATCH - GUARDIAN OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION.

MOON DOG CALMLY WAVES AND MOTIONS TO THE FLAT TIRE THEN TO SASQUATCH -

MOON DOG:

It's almost like you knew I'd be here in a state lethargic whiplash.
Maybe next time, Sassafras.. Maybe next time.

SASQUATCH SLOWLY WALKS INTO THE TREE LINE
AND MOON DOG WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE U HAUL TO
CHECK ON GRAHAM.

MOON DOG:

You okay back here? We got a flat so I'm gonna need to ge that spare.

GRAHAM:

Ya I'm good man. Did I hear you talking to someone?

MOON DOG:

Huh? Oh ya. You know me. Talking to myself to stay sane.

GRAHAM:

You know, I'd offer to help change that tire but you never asked so..

MOON DOG:

I was just about to exactly that. Would you mind, ol buddy ol pal o
mine?

GRAHAM:

Not at all, friend. Happy to help out.

MOON DOG AND GRAHAM START SINGING AND
CHANGING THE TIRE TOGETHER IN THE DARK AS CAMERA
PANS OUT.

FADE OUT

END.

